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venture to say that such a crowd has never before been seen within those walls.

At eight, up went the curtain, and the fun began fast and furious. For four mortal hours the stage was filled with the most gorgeous costumes, the most brilliant scenery, and the most varied humanity, from the youthful aspirant to histrionic place, aged three, up to the full-blown, imported flower of the dance, with exquisite legs, and the poetry of motion in them. In this four hours and acts there was crammed—

"All that could tempt the eye or taste,  
That sets the haggard pulses wild,  
That wins from care and deadens sadness,  
Were there."

And on it that vast public looked delighted. The rare beauty and grace of Bonfanti, Bilon, Soliké and the scores of coryphees, the pretty face and sweet voice of Fanny Stockton, and the hundred other attractions all blended into one harmonious mass, only occasionally interrupted by some incident or accident, always peculiar to the first night of any new piece, to say nothing of a piece with the calibre of the "White Fawn."

To be sure, there was considerable excitement among the audience at various periods when they arose to savage virtue, firstly over Grant and Johnson, and secondly over one of the ballet situations; yet, taking it all together, they balanced tolerably well until as their watches pointed past one o'clock, they began to want the grand final transformation scene and the grand final didn't want to be wanted, much to the disgust of several very clever chaps who were doing good pantomime, but who being only intended to fill up a chink of ten minutes, were hardly good in the public estimation for half an hour. Notwithstanding they were good, the public wanted the transformation, and indignantly hissed everything else, until at last, under a positive call, Mr. Wheatley made his appearance. A few words were oil on the troubled waters. The transformation would not work, the stage carpenters and machinists were, from sheer fatigue, unable to grapple with the difficulties, and the public were requested, after getting six hours of glory, to go home to bed and come again another day—or night, which they did like good children.

That is all one week ago, and since that time the "White Fawn" has been got into working order. The slow scenes have been cut down, and others have been cut out or cut off. The transformation has been put ship-shape and is gorgeous beyond all description. As it now stands the piece runs four hours and is a succession of sensations, only to be realized by being seen. The ballet has never had an equal in this country, and the whole construction of the spectacle is fine. As it works more smoothly with age, the story of the piece will come out more clearly, but just now it is somewhat cloudy.

Altogether the White Fawn is a wondrous success, and we take it for granted that from this time forth for a few years, there will be nothing to do but to announce the fact that the White Fawn is still going on.

At the Worrell Sisters' Theatre they produced on Wednesday night a dramatization of the Pickwick Papers. The subject is about as hard to take hold of as was Norwood, but nevertheless Daly, for we presume it is Daly's work, though not so announced, has done very well with it. There is really no plot in the book, consequently there can be no plot in the play, the whole being merely a series of situations cleverly strung

together, and which brings out the company in its very best light. Charming little Jennie Worrell is more than good as Mary the beloved of Sam Weller, and met the highest approbation of her audience. Jennie is an improving young lady, and will yet realize what we have prophesied for her, the very highest position in her line upon the American stage. Next to her, in merit, came Parsloe as Sam, who kept the house always amused while he was on the stage.—The whole piece is well got up and will have a long run.

That charming little nondescript, Lotta, makes her first appearance again on Monday at the Broadway in Brougham's dramatization of The Old Curiosity Shop. If we are to judge by the furore this little lady excited last summer, she will be the sensation for many weeks to come. There is a freshness and abandon about her that carries everything and sends her audience away as much pleased as though they had done a good thing themselves. With this abandon she must have nerve when she brings herself out on the same night as Maggie Mitchell.

Which brings us to that specialty. She is announced for the Olympic on Monday night. The bare announcement is enough, and, of course, her course will be onward, and only standing room will be the cry for months to come.

#### WATER COLOR AT THE ACADEMY.

By this time it has become pretty generally known to our readers that the first exhibition of The American Society of Painters in Water Colors, is in progress at the National Academy of Design. Though this exhibition partakes largely of the same fault of which we have so often spoken—that of crowding a large number of inferior pictures with a few good ones on the walls to make a show—yet there is, for a first attempt, too much merit to pass it lightly over. We will never believe otherwise than that ten good pictures exhibited will do more for the advancement of Art, and be better appreciated by the public, than several hundred bad ones, merely put in to make up, ostensibly, the worth of the money the crowd pays. There are, taking both oil and water color, just now, over 700 pictures on the walls of the Academy, 500 of which could well be dispensed with, and not detract one fraction from the strength and interest of the exhibition. As it stands, however, it is beyond dispute the best show ever made on the walls of the Academy, and as such deserves all commendation and the liberal support of the public.

The best figure pictures out of the 278 in water color are those of Mr. F. O. C. Darley, his principal rival being Mrs. E. Murray, Mr. Darley having two, "The Evening Prayer," No. 406, and "A Street Scene in Rome," No. 517, both fine in composition and drawing and rich in color. Mrs. Murray deserves especial commendation as breaking upon us suddenly with a merit that we did not think she possessed. Mrs. Murray has also two pictures; No. 337, "The Cheat Detected," very clever in drawing, coloring and expression, but not telling the story sufficiently clear. The padre who is holding up his fingers should be designating to his opposite, but there is nothing in the action of that opposite to show his complicity. The other is No. 511, "A Spanish Milk Stall, Seville." This is a picture of genuine merit, rich in color, good drawing, and with an expression

of great force. The face of the reclining boy in the foreground is capital. Mrs. Murray has shown herself an artist of high order. In marines Mr. F. H. De Haas has the only picture worth high commendation, No. 430, "The Coast of France." It is only necessary to say that it is in the artist's best style, and shows him as skilful in water, with water, as he is in oil.

In landscape, there is so much to praise that the task is difficult in selection. Rondel has a fine view on the Housatonic, No. 325; Thwaites one in the White Mountains, No. 330, and near by Craig's Cold Spring, No. 333, is worth more than a passing notice. The latter artist has several pictures above proof, and is an improving hand. Bellows gives us in No. 390, "The Toll Gate at Salem, Mass.," and makes it a good picture. Smillie, in 401, presents us another White Mountain view, and though those unfortunate hills have been done to death by a hundred artists, he redeems it from the commonplace. No. 470, Dunbarton Castle, by Dunn, is a good picture, as is also Willis' Scotch mountain scenery, No. 476, and Colman's Study from Nature, No. 489. Hart has two good pictures in 490 and 491, Hill in 496, Ham in 590, and with this we dismiss the landscapes.

Want of space compels us to close our remarks, but next week we shall take the subject up more at length, and while speaking of other pictures to commend, we shall designate a few of the most wretched daubs that ever disgraced the walls of an art gallery.

GENERAL GRANT IN CHROMO-LITHOGRAPHY. —Fabronius, Gurney & Son, have just published a very fine chromo-lithograph of Constant Mayer's justly celebrated portrait of General U. S. Grant. This portrait is surely destined to become historical, for it is the most faithful likeness of the General that, to our knowledge, has yet appeared. It bears all his marked characteristics, and is at once the most pleasant and intellectual delineation of the face of one who has played, and is perhaps destined yet to play a prominent part in the history of America. Constant Mayer's portrait is a masterly work in drawing, color and expression, and a more faithful transfer in chromo-lithograph of any work we have never seen. It is a literal duplicate of the portrait, both in form and color, and its execution does infinite credit to the firm of Fabronius, Gurney & Son. So admirable a work in every respect, while it compels admiration of the art by which it is produced in such perfection, should command a universal sale, for apart from the politician, General Grant, as one of the leading soldiers of the war, should find a place in every household.

#### ANECDOTES OF BENJAMIN WEST.

##### HIS ANCESTRY.

Cunningham says "John West, the father of Benjamin, was of that family settled at Long-Crendon, in Buckinghamshire, which produced Col. James West, the friend and companion in arms of John Hampden. Upon one occasion, in the course of a conversation in Buckingham palace, respecting his picture of the Institution of the Garter, West happened to make some allusion to his English descent, when the Marquis of Buckingham, to the manifest pleasure of the king, declared that the Wests of Long-Crendon were undoubted descendants of the Lord Delaware, renowned in the wars of Ed-

ward the Third and the Black Prince, and that the artist's likeness had therefore a right to a place amongst those of the nobles and warriors in his historical picture."

#### WEST'S BIRTH.

Galt says Benjamin's birth was brought on prematurely by a vehement sermon, preached in the fields by Edwark Peckover, on the corrupt state of the Old World, which he prophesied was about to be visited with the tempest of God's judgments, the wicked to be swallowed up, and the terrified remnant compelled to seek refuge in America. Mrs. West was so affected that she swooned away, was carried home severely ill, and the pains of labor came upon her; she was, however, safely delivered, and the preacher consoled the parents by predicting that "a child sent into the world under such remarkable circumstances, would assuredly prove a wonderful man," and admonished them to watch over their son with more than ordinary care.

#### HIS FIRST REMARKABLE FEAT.

The first remarkable incident recorded of the infant prodigy occurred in his seventh year; when, being placed to watch the sleeping infant of his eldest sister, he drew a sort of likeness of the child, with a pen in red and black ink. His mother returned, and, snatching the paper which he sought to conceal, exclaimed to her daughter, "I declare, he has made a likeness of little Sally!" She took him in her arms and kissed him fondly. This feat appeared so wonderful in the eyes of his parents that they recalled to mind the prediction of Peckover.

#### LITTLE BENJAMIN AND THE INDIANS.

When he was about eight years old, a party of Indians, who were always kindly treated by the followers of George Fox, paid their summer visit to Springfield, and struck with the rude sketches which the boy had made of birds, fruit and flowers, they taught him to prepare the red and yellow colors with which they stained their weapons and ornamented their skins; his mother added indigo, and thus he was possessed of three primary colors. The Indians also instructed him in archery.

#### HIS CAT'S TAIL PENCILS.

The wants of the child increased with his knowledge; he could draw, and had colors, but how to lay them on skilfully he could not conceive; a pen would not answer, and he tried feathers with no better success; a neighbor informed him that it was done with a camel's hair pencil, but as such a thing was not to be had, he bethought himself of the cat, and supplied himself from her back and tail. The cat was a favorite, and the altered condition of her fur was attributed to disease, till the boy's confession explained the cause, much to the amusement of his parents and friends. His cat's tail pencils enabled him to make more satisfactory efforts than he had before done.

#### WEST'S FIRST PICTURE.

When he was only eight years old, a merchant of Philadelphia, named Pennington, and a cousin of the Wests, was so much pleased with the sketches of little Benjamin, that he sent him a box of paints and pencils, with canvas prepared for the easel, and six engravings by Gribelin. The child was perfectly enraptured with his treasure; he carried the box about in his arms, and took it to his bedside, but could not sleep.

He rose with the dawn, carried his canvas and colors to the garret, hung up the engravings, prepared a palette, and commenced work. So completely was he under this species of enchantment, that he absented himself from school, labored secretly and incessantly, and without interruption, for several days, when the anxious inquiries of his schoolmaster introduced his mother into his studio with no pleasure in her looks. He avoided copyism, and made a picture, composed from two of the engravings, telling a new story, and colored with a skill and effect which, to her eyes, appeared wonderful. Galt, who wrote West's life, and had the story from the artist's own lips, says, "She kissed him with transports of affection, and assured him that she would not only intercede with his father to pardon him from having absented himself from school, but would go herself to the master, and beg that he might not be punished." Sixty-seven years afterwards the writer of these memoirs had the gratification to see this piece, in the same room with the sublime painting of Christ Rejected (West's brother had sent it to him from Springfield), on which occasion the painter declared to him that there were inventive touches of art in his first and juvenile essay, which, with all his subsequent knowledge and experience, he had not been able to surpass. A similar story is told of Canova, who visited his native place towards the close of his brilliant career, and looking earnestly at his youthful performances, sorrowfully said, "I have been walking, but not climbing."

#### WEST'S FIRST VISIT TO PHILADELPHIA.

In the ninth year of his age, he accompanied his relative Pennington to Philadelphia, and executed a view of the banks of the river, which so much pleased a painter named Williams, that he took him to his studio, and showed him all his pictures, at the sight of which he was so affected that he burst into tears. The artist, surprised, declared, like Peckover, that Benjamin would be a remarkable man; he gave him two books, Du Fremoy and Richardson on Painting, and invited him to call whenever he pleased to see his pictures. From this time, Benjamin resolved to become a painter, and returned home with the love of painting too firmly planted to be eradicated. His parents, also, though the art was not approved by the Friends, now openly encouraged him, being strongly impressed with the opinion that he was predestinated to become a great artist.

#### WEST'S AMBITION.

His notions of a painter at this time were also very grand, as the following characteristic anecdote will show. One of his school-fellows allured him, on a half-holiday from school, to take a ride with him to a neighboring plantation. "Here is the horse, bridled and saddled," said the boy, "so come, get up behind me." "Behind you!" said Benjamin; "I will ride behind nobody." "Oh, very well," replied the other; "I will ride behind you, so mount." He mounted, accordingly, and away they rode. "This is the last ride I shall have for some time," said his companion; "to-morrow I am to be apprenticed to a tailor."

"A tailor!" exclaimed West; "you will surely never be a tailor?" "Indeed, but I shall," replied the other; "it is a good trade. What do you intend to be, Benjamin?" "A painter." "A painter! what sort of a trade

is a painter? I never heard of it before." "A painter," said West, "is the companion of kings and emperors." "You are surely mad," said the embryo tailor; "there are neither kings nor emperors in America." "Aye, but there are plenty in other parts of the world. And do you really intend to be a tailor?" "Indeed, I do; there is nothing surer." "Then you may ride alone," said the future companion of kings and emperors, leaping down; "I will not ride with one who is willing to be a tailor."

#### WEST'S FIRST PATRONS.

West's first patron was Mr. Wayne, the father of General Anthony Wayne, who gave him a dollar a piece for two small pictures he made on poplar boards, which a carpenter had given him.

#### "MARK TWAIN" ON WOMAN.

At a banquet of the Newspaper Correspondents' Club, given at Washington a short time since, "Mark Twain," the humorous lecturer, responded as follows to a sentiment to woman:

MR. PRESIDENT: I do not know why I should have been singled out to receive the greatest distinction of the evening—for so the office of replying to the toast to woman has been regarded in every age. [Applause.] I do not know why I have received this distinction unless it be that I am a trifle less homely than the other members of the club. But be this as it may, Mr. President, I am proud of the position, and you could not have chosen any one who would have accepted it more gladly, or labored with a heartier good will to do the subject justice than I. Because, sir, I love the sex. [Laughter.] I love all the women, sir, irrespective of age, or color. [Laughter.]

Human intelligence cannot estimate what we owe to woman, sir. She sews on our buttons, [laughter,] she mends our clothes, [laughter,] she ropes us in at the church fairs—she confides in us; she tells us whatever she can find out about the little private affairs of the neighbors—she gives us good advice—and plenty of it—she gives us a piece of her mind, sometimes—and sometimes all of it—she soothes our aching brows—she bears our children—ours as a general thing. In all the relations of life, sir, it is but just and a graceful tribute to woman to say of her that she is a brick. [Great laughter.]

Whosoever you place woman, sir—in whatsoever position or estate—she is an ornament to that place she occupies, and a treasure to the world. [Here Mr. Twain paused, looked inquiringly at his hearers and remarked that the applause should come in at this point. It came in. Mr. Twain resumed his eulogy.] Look at the noble names of history! Look at Cleopatra!—look at Desdemona!—look at Florence Nightingale!—look at Joan of Arc!—look at Lucretia Borgia! [Disapprobation expressed. "Well," said Mr. Twain, scratching his head doubtfully, "suppose we let Lucretia Borgia slide."] Look at Joyce Heth!—look at Mother Eve!—[Cries of "Oh!" "Oh!"] You need not look at her unless you wish to, but [said Mr. Twain reflectively, after a pause,] Eve was ornamental, sir—particularly before the fashions changed.

I repeat, sir, look at the illustrious names of history! Look at the Widow Machree! look at Lucy Stone!—look at Elizabeth Cady Stanton!—look at George Francis Train!